Nothing feels like you

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Nothing feels like you

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

After Nigel helps Adam to overcome a social anxiety, the younger man is bursting with gratitude and love. He just can't wait till they get home to show Nigel how much he wants everything they can share together, so soon the car is pulled off to the side of the road. Little does he know, in addition to his shameless passion, Nigel has another sweet surprise in store, too...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

When Nigel mentioned that his friend Darko was visiting from Romania, Adam got an itch inside his throat. A vein in his forehead throbbed. He hated it when he had these nervous symptoms over things he didn't want to be nervous about anymore. Not with Nigel.

He was really happy that Nigel was going to see his old friend, and Nigel even mentioned that Darko had some of his things that he'd left behind in Bucharest. It was amazing that Nigel got to have his belongings back, a year after fleeing hastily to the U.S., escaping criminal charges in his homeland and starting over.

He'd started over with *Adam*, to both of their surprises, and they were so happy, six months after deciding to "fucking give this thing between us a fair shot," as Nigel had put it gruffly, wiping a tear from his eye after their first kiss turned out to be so tender and heartfelt.

Nigel said Adam healed his heart and made him whole again, and he "fucking adored" Adam for that, but more for "who he fucking was." And who he was, was different, which never bothered Nigel. The different quirks of Adam's mind and that personality which made him annoying sometimes, as Adam perceived it himself? Nigel had never once seen any of that as a problem or even acted as if it was weird.

Adam couldn't read other people's reactions most of the time, except Nigel's, from knowing him so intimately, but sometimes he couldn't even tell what his lover was thinking or feeling and it frustrated him. Adam knew Nigel was going to invite him to come along on the get-together with Darko, which turned out to be lunch at a popular, cool restaurant downtown. But when Nigel asked him, Adam couldn't decide why he asked, and how he felt about Adam being there for the lunch. Or how he'd feel if Adam said no.

"Why so overwhelmed, baby?" Nigel soothed his worries with a hand in Adam's curls, stroking as he kissed both of the younger man's pink cheeks. He ran his thumb over Adam's lips and added softly, "You're pouting, baby, what's wrong?"

"Oh…it's just that I am not good in these situations, Nigel. I want to say no, but I don't want to disappoint you or hurt your feelings."

"What do you mean 'these situations'?"

"Meeting people who are important to my significant other," Adam explained, staring at the dog pattern on Nigel's shirt. He often counted the dogs to stay calm, since it was one of his lover's favorite shirts and ended up in his eyeline a lot.

He couldn't calm down. Sitting on the couch with Nigel, with their Saturday afternoon movie paused, Adam hugged himself and shook his head. "And having it at a restaurant makes it even likelier I'll let you down…much more severely than by simply declining your invitation. It's a kind invitation, Nigel, and I wish I could go with you. I'd like to meet Darko."

"Alright, darling, alright," Nigel massaged his back and Adam's breathing slowed down. "Sweetheart, you started out saying you wanted to say no, but now you're saying you wish

you could go."

"Yes, you see, because even though I would genuinely like to go, I know that I will only embarrass you in some way. I will make a bad impression and cause the get-together to become uncomfortable. And that's why I don't want to go. Do you understand?"

"Okay, I think I do." Nigel was still rubbing Adam's back, moving up to release some of the tension in the younger man's neck now. "Oh, darling, I fucking hate to think of you boarding yourself into the apartment all because of what other people might think. Anyone would be fucking lucky to spend time with you. That's how I know that I'm the luckiest man alive."

"You can't be, because I am," Adam joked, finding his way towards understanding the humorous remark mainly because he had grown so used to Nigel's speech patterns.

He had never known anyone this well, not his father and certainly not Beth. And nobody ever put in the effort to know Adam as intimately as Nigel.
Adam still worried that this had to be hard work sometimes. He felt like it was hard work to be him, a lot of the time, and could empathize if Nigel also felt that was the case.

Part of him wanted to know if that *was* the case, so he could alter his behavior to please Nigel more frequently and successfully; but another part of him was terrified to hear that he'd fallen short in any way. He let his head drop to Nigel's shoulder, snuggling in when his lover wrapped strong, warm arms around him, guiding him to nuzzle into his neck and chest, smelling his cologne and the scent of the cigarettes he now had less often, and did so outside.

Adam found comfort listening to the kind, pleasant words Nigel said under his breath. The rumble of his voice could be felt through his shirt, and Adam loved that Nigel had found this method of calming him down, making him feel good again.

"It wouldn't be a very good way for me to express how much I care about you and how grateful I am to have you in my life, to go with you pretending I'm not afraid. I've been through this before, Nigel, so I know I…can't do it."

"Rewind, gorgeous. When have you been through this before?"

"Well, don't kill them or anything, but Beth's parents weren't very pleased with me when we first met. I made a fool of myself and they didn't ever like me after that."

"Since you're not a fool, how could you make a fool of yourself? Not my Adam, my shining star, the love of my life." Nigel made Adam blush with his sweet praise, and he also pulled Adam into his lap.

Adam loved sitting there, as it made him feel special and taken care of. He bit his lip.

"Nigel, it's incredibly hard to explain my insecurities with you being so supportive, encouraging and nurturing."

"Sorry, darling, do you want me to stop being nice to you? Because I'm afraid the closest I can get to that is *fucking* you like I'm mean. You like that sometimes."

“Yes,” Adam blushed, “But you aren’t really mean, or not to me. I’m sure you are quite mean to your enemies.”

“I fucking hope so, gorgeous.”

“Anyway, I…well, Beth sort of ambushed me, by tricking me into thinking we were going to a play just the two of us, but then she invited her parents. And she pretended we ran into them by coincidence. The truth was, I was scared to meet her family, so she *made* me meet them.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to give me this Beth’s address, star?” Nigel scowled, his grip on Adam’s waist and hip tightening possessively. “I would still like to give that bi– that ex of yours a piece of my mind she won’t soon forget.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea; however, your desire to do so is very arousing. Um, so, you think it was underhanded of Beth to do that?”

“I’m sorry I can’t sugarcoat this for you, angel,” Nigel shook his head. His silver-blonde hair softly framed his chiseled face, and the late afternoon sun shed a hazy, pretty light over him through the window nearby.

Ironically, Nigel resembled an angel in that moment, which was what he called Adam, to Adam’s constant, shy confusion. Yet Nigel, in all his beautiful, deadly menace, was definitely an angel of darkness.

“That Beth was and is a heinous bitch, and she never deserved to touch so much as your hand for a second. She never deserved to spend time with you, or to be with you as a lover. She treated you like garbage, and it makes me want to punch a hole through the wall of wherever she fucking lives now, just to watch her shake with fear. I could surprise *her*, too, like she surprised you.”

Adam shivered, because Nigel was extremely sexy when he was angry and possessive over him, and he smiled without meaning to, because it felt exceptionally good to have someone tell him Beth had not been worth listening to, all the times she put him down and made him feel useless.

“That’s okay, Nigel. If it’s all the same to you, I would much rather talk with you about my anxieties and how they arose, instead of interrupting our conversation for your revenge on Beth. I thought you just said she wasn’t worth anyone’s attention.”

“Too fucking right, angel.” Nigel heaved a sigh. “She can go about her fucking business for now, but I can’t help wanting to put her in her place whenever she comes up in our talks.”

“It’s okay to want to.”

Adam pressed their foreheads together tenderly, knowing how to comfort Nigel’s wild temper in the same way Nigel knew how to soothe his nerves.

The younger man cupped his lover's face and traced his features, wanting to commit them to memory, again.

He had a hard time doing it without daring to meet Nigel's intent, adoring gaze, which made his blush deepen. But every inch of Nigel's skin felt so warm and reassuring, and wonderful under Adam's fingers; he felt at home doing this. It was worth swallowing past one area he struggled with, which was direct eye contact.

They liked to relax on Saturdays, so Adam was still in his pajamas. They had been a Christmas gift from Nigel, the very first holiday they shared, not that long ago. Already, they were soft and broken in from Adam wearing them so much. He loved the actually-accurate depiction of the phases of the moon, and just feeling all wrapped up in Nigel's affection. When Nigel held and touched him in the pajamas, it was extra nice and special.

Adam almost forgot how to be sad in those moments of simple intimacy, quiet, gentle love such as Nigel confessed he had never given anyone else nor wanted to, "nor did I have one fucking clue how to be gentle if I tried. But, you bring it out, baby. You're making me into a human fucking being or something, I guess."

The beast still came out a lot in the bedroom, to Adam's delight.

Nigel had on a pair of black trousers with his dog shirt, the shirt left mostly unbuttoned, showing off his beautiful neck and chest. Adam never minded the tattoo on Nigel's neck, because although it used to distract him, by now it was just another part of his lover. He had kissed Nigel's neck…how many times, he wondered, accurately…oh, it had to be in the hundreds at least. It felt like more. He kissed Nigel's neck again and thought, with a fast thrum of joy, three hundred and eighty-two.

"Tell me what else happened, please, darling."

"When I got to the theater with Beth, I was shocked to suddenly be faced with this major introduction. Her parents are elegant, wealthy, imposing people and I felt very intimidated by that."

"Excuse me, sweetheart, I distinctly recall you telling me that Beth's father is currently in jail due to being a dishonest, scheming, greedy, selfish, lying thief, is that not true? Doesn't sound elegant or like someone who should intimidate the prettiest, best boy in the whole world."

"Nigel," Adam laughed, bouncing on his lap a little as his ribs ached pleasantly with the change from sadness to merriment. "You weren't there then, to tell me all that. Plus, if you had been there, that means I wouldn't have been there and neither would you. Because I would be dating you instead of Beth and not meeting her parents at a theater ambush."

"You're fucking cute, baby, okay, that's true." He kissed Adam's lips softly, quickly, just a hint of how intimate they both felt like being at the moment. "So, go on and I'll try not to interrupt again."

“Okay. I sort of forgot how to do anything but babble excessively about the history of the theater. I was trying to be personable, helpful and informative.”

“You always are, angel,” Nigel said warmly, and Adam realized he had not minded a single one of the sweet interruptions to his story.

“Your affirmations make it much easier to think about that night without getting overly upset,” Adam smiled. “Anyway, they were unimpressed by me, and cold towards me from that time on. Beth felt uncomfortable and disappointed in me. Afterwards, Beth’s dad encouraged her repeatedly to break up with me for my neurodivergence, he said she ‘deserved better’.”

“No wonder Beth turned out to be such a despicable bitch, with a bastard, mean, worthless dad like that. Fuck them, baby, really. You don’t think it’d be like that, meeting Darko?”

“I know you won’t pressure me, or express disappointment in me if I behave strangely, or become upset if the restaurant doesn’t have any food I can eat, for example. But you might be disappointed inside, despite concealing it to avoid hurting my feelings, and that’s almost worse. I never want to ruin anything you’re looking forward to, or let you down, ever.”

Nigel sighed, looking concerned. “Oh, star. I wish you’d drop that fucking perfectionism, seeing as you’re already perfect. Don’t ever change or worry about me being let down. It’s impossible, okay?”

“If you say so.”

“I fucking do, and you better listen to Daddy,” Nigel grinned, making Adam giggle again.

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They made love most of the remaining day and into the night, and slept amazingly well. Adam woke feeling sore and happy as usual, then remembered they were supposed to go to this lunch; he had, at last, agreed to it.

Nigel could be very convincing, and he guessed, as he lay there staring at his sleeping, beautiful lover, naked and tangled up in star-patterned sheets, he guessed Nigel wanted him to feel better about himself. For Adam not to be afraid to meet people under similar circumstances, or doubt himself to be a pleasant person to meet.

It was enough to make Adam want to try, not knowing if it was his own desire to get over the problem, or wanting to please Nigel. He thought it might be a little of both.

At breakfast, Nigel surprised him by sliding the laptop over to his side of the table and saying, “There’s the menu, it’s a pretty big one, so let me know if you can or can’t find something good on there, sexy. I’ll get you something else for lunch if not.”

“Nigel, this place is supposed to be the best restaurant around. Everyone raves about them.”

“I don’t fucking care. If they don’t have any food that you want to eat, or you feel comfortable with, then we’ll get you some and bring it. Not that hard to explain special

circumstances to management."

Adam blushed. The restaurant's owners would probably be offended, but it meant the world to him how thoughtfully Nigel tried to plan for the occasion. The older man put a hand on Adam's knee, lazily massaging, soon doing the same on his thigh, casually reading an article on his tablet.

"Oh! We won't have to worry about the menu, Nigel. They have mac 'n cheese, believe it or not, in the 'old-fashioned American fare' section." He grinned, hugely relieved. "I can order a side of steamed broccoli."

"Perfect! I'm so proud to go anywhere with you on my arm, baby. Hope you know it, too."

"I have noticed it," Adam laughed, "Mainly since your arm around me tends to wander until you're grabbing my butt."

"What can I say?" Nigel smiled, sipping his coffee, "I'm a man of exquisite taste."

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They had a nice time on the drive, listening to music and telling each other stories; Adam updated Nigel about some of the latest scientific and technology-related advancements and exciting news. Nigel told Adam how everything was going at work now that he'd taken over as manager of a nightclub. They talked and laughed, and before Adam knew it they were at the restaurant and Nigel was deftly giving the car keys to the valet.

It was a classy place, and they had dressed accordingly in button-ups with ties and jackets. Nigel looked so handsome and suave, Adam could barely take his eyes off him. And if Nigel hadn't had that notorious arm and that wandering hand guiding him, he thought he might have tripped over his own feet from staring at his lover.

All in all, there simply wasn't time to let his usual anxiety and paranoia over social rejection build. The maitre d brought them to a lovely table by the window with a view to the street with all of the interesting people going by, a sight that further calmed Adam, somehow. It made his own nervousness seem smaller, watching so many others living their lives with their own things to worry about. He was human, and that was fine.

Everyone had their quirks, right?

A handsome man with short hair and a light beard, wearing a grey blazer, a man who Adam recognized from Nigel's photo collection of his time in Romania, stood to greet them. He looked both pleased to see his old friend and up to no good, which only confirmed he was a friend of Nigel's.

"You prick!" Darko laughed, hugging Nigel, "I can't believe you look better in a suit than I do. I'll get you for that, mark my words."

"Asshole," Nigel greeted warmly, "You look fine, and you know it. Get the waitress' phone number yet, or is it the waiter? This fucker waits until he finally gets dumped by the latest

manipulative love interest, before coming to visit me in the States. Where's your fucking priorities?"

Darko raised his eyebrows and smirked. "The waiter *and* the waitress, together, actually. And it seems your priorities have changed, you old dog. Is this the famous Adam?"

"Yeah, this is my gorgeous Adam. Adam Raki, please meet Darko, and try not to get too mad at me for exposing you to any nonsense he might start spouting over lunch."

Adam laughed and shook Darko's hand. The man wore a friendly smile, not overzealous, not in any way questioning or being flirty, nothing to cause a problem. It was pleasantly ordinary and cordial, for a man who clearly loved sarcastic insults and swears as much as Nigel.

"I'm sure I won't regret meeting you," Adam said, finding that his voice only sounded slightly shaky. He sat down when Nigel pulled out the seat beside the window and its calming view.

The flashbacks from his time with Beth were not intruding in his mind like they used to. He looked at Nigel in amazement, certain that the whole lunch would go horribly wrong any second and it would be his fault. But it didn't happen.

Darko talked for a bit about his flight and hotel, and how some people were doing back home, including a few who "you'd better not ever fucking show your face around again, buddy."

Nigel said wryly, "They better hope I don't. Anyway, I'm busy." And he kissed Adam's cheek, to indicate why.

When the waiter, who was certainly exchanging bedroom-eyed looks with Darko, returned to take their drink orders, Adam fumbled for the drink menu. He had forgotten to plan this part ahead of time and there were so many choices!

"I'd like to order a bottle of your best champagne for the table," Nigel said confidently to the waiter.

At such times, Adam was oddly reminded of the fact that he was dating a very wealthy man. Since they lived in Adam's low-key apartment and tended to also live quite simply, perfectly happy in that, he often forgot that Nigel could spend hundreds on champagne anytime he wanted.

"And ice waters for my beautiful love and myself, please," Nigel added. His lips brushed Adam's ear as he murmured, "That okay, star?"

"Perfect," Adam breathed, because he could breathe. Thanks to Nigel.

"So, Adam, Nigel tells me you work in toy tech?"

Adam nodded eagerly, forgetting to fear he'd go off on a tangent that would bore Darko. "Yes, I left a job like that last year, actually I was laid off, but it was a blessing in disguise.

Soon after, I got a new position at a better company. My new boss lets me be creative with no restrictions, so I've been able to develop my talking doll. It's come a long way."

"Cool, man. Listen, I've got this niece in Bucharest who is notoriously picky about presents, and her birthday's coming up." Darko shrugged, looking mildly desperate. "If I get the wrong present again, I'll end up as the second favorite uncle, and I can't let my brother take over the top slot, I'd never live that shit down, you know?"

Adam nodded, playing footsie with Nigel under the table while his lover also held his hand and smiled happily. He really was delighted and proud to be there with Adam, bragging about him to everyone, going out of his way to make him feel safe and appreciated. In a surreal way, Adam let his mood slip into the usual, buzzy, warm excitement he felt around Nigel.

He explained to Darko about some of the best toys on the market, with complete pros and cons, and Darko paid attention the whole time, brow furrowed in concentration, not annoyed, not regretting that he'd asked the freak who talked too much about niche interests.

"You're a life-saver," Darko enthused. "Thanks, kid. Nigel told me you were some kind of genius, but I was pretty sure not only was he exaggerating, he must have made you up."

"He's a dream come true, my Adam is, so I can see why you'd think that, fucker. Like why would this angel – beautiful and smart – want to be with yours truly. I can be quite charming sometimes, you know."

"No you can't, numb-nuts," Darko cackled.

"You're such a pain in the ass," Nigel laughed, "It's great to see you, Darko, and introduce you to the light of my life right here."

"And you were so sure you'd never love again," Darko whistled, shaking his head. "You're a bigger lovesick fool than I ever saw you before, and you've always been a fucking sap that way."

The waiter came with the drinks, then took the lunch order. All Adam had to do was glance at Nigel, and his boyfriend placed his order for him again, then kissed his cheek and ruffled his hair, totally transfixed. He loved spoiling Adam and taking care of him, making sure Adam knew he was special and adored.

Nigel wasn't like anyone else Adam had ever met, or anyone in the world. He was just *Nigel*, and by some miracle – even though Adam never believed in those before – he was all Adam's.

His heart lifted in elation. All these feelings kept building up and building up, until he couldn't wipe the smile off his face and didn't want to. He could carry on a conversation, he could go out to eat and manage just fine.

There was nothing wrong with him, and in fact, he was a guest and companion who was appreciated, even admired.

Some of the pain of his past – actually what felt like a substantial amount – slid from his shoulders that afternoon, never to burden him again.

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"Nigel, I love you," Adam smiled, watching his lover's gorgeous profile from the passenger seat.

"I love you too, baby. Something on your mind?"

Nigel could understand Adam so well. Nobody else "got" him. Not ever. Since childhood he'd been an irritating, confusing outsider, but not anymore – never again.

Now Adam knew, he didn't *need* anyone else to get him like this. And *that* was intimacy, it was the magic ingredient he hoped to find with Beth only to get his heart stomped to the ground. He had it now, even more than he needed. If he was fond of metaphors, which normally he wasn't, Adam guessed he might say he was floating in a sea of intimacy, never afraid because drowning was the best part.

"I just love you," he went on, speaking the truth from his heart. "I love every single thing about you. I'm so in love with you that it hurts my heart to look at you, and I can't stop looking or wanting to hear your voice, feel your touch, kiss you and make love, feel you hold me after. I've never been so happy in my whole life."

Nigel wiped a few tears away and gulped. "Oh, baby, I love you, too. Darko's right, I am a fucking sap, particularly where you're concerned, gorgeous."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you cry while you're driving."

"I can handle it," Nigel assured him. They stopped at a red light and he dabbed at his eyes with a tissue. Then he looked at Adam, beaming at him.

"You're something else, angel. I never have to wonder if you care as much as me, never sit up at night wondering if you'll find someone better and leave me. Because even though there must be hundreds of people better than me, who you could be with, they aren't me, and you wouldn't love them."

"That's true. The lunch today was the exact opposite of what happened when Beth made me meet her parents. You told me days ahead of time and gave me a choice. We made a plan together that worked for us both, and when we went, you were showing me off and touching me, like you wanted everyone to know I was yours. No matter what, I realized you'd never be embarrassed of me. You bragged about me to Darko and anyone else who would listen and you made me blush the whole time. I had a wonderful time, and Nigel, I never used to have a wonderful time going out. Especially not on dates."

Adam's voice was even, sure and smooth, but excited and overwhelmed, too. He was certain of every word from the bottom of his heart, but that heart was leaping and bursting with love he had to express – now. Right this minute.

“Well, anyone who went out with you before didn’t know what they had, which makes them a fucking idiot, and I’d love to punch any of them in the face soon as you provide their addresses, darling.”

With a musical laugh, Adam said, “You can’t, but instead, I would like to have sex with you.”

“Well, twist my arm, baby!” Nigel looked even happier now. “It’s gonna be hard not to fucking speed all the way home. You know what you do to me?”

“I’m sure what I plan to do to you.”

Adam had never seduced him so brazenly.

“You are making me hard, you naughty boy.” Nigel smirked at him, eyes darkening in desire. “You’ll pay for it, wait and see.”

“I don’t want to wait. Please pull over so we can have sex.”

“Hmm? Here, in the car? Don’t you want to wait until we can be at home –”

“No. Over there is fine, it’s secluded enough,” Adam said, indicating a little grove just off the road with a few trees full of flowers, petals swirling through the air. It was randomly picturesque, he thought, for a place to do something against the rules, something so raunchy.

“Darling, you’re full of the best fucking surprises,” Nigel grinned, then did as Adam suggested.

He parked behind a tree that was big enough to make it unlikely they would be caught or get in trouble, but they both knew it wasn’t completely secluded. There was still a risk they would be seen, and this only made them more aroused.

“I’m misbehaving for you, Nigel. It’s a brand new behavior for me.” Adam reached under Nigel’s seat and pulled the lever to slide it all the way back. He then immediately started undoing his lover’s pants, pleased to see that Nigel was hard already.

“Fuck, Adam, I – you’re really blowing my fucking mind right now. You sure?”

Adam gave him a sensuous smile and batted his long, dark lashes. He looked like his usual buttoned-up, well-behaved, bashful good boy self in his nice suit, with his hair combed back. And he also knew how to use that to make Nigel wild for him…not that it took much.

“Daddy, I love you so much that I need to taste you here and now, and then I want you inside me, no matter who might see…” He gently finished with the trousers and pulled them down as Nigel lifted up to accommodate this.

Then he stared at the thick, huge cock he had just relieved of clothing in broad daylight, pulled off on the side of the road like characters in one of his classic porn videos. This was much better than porn.

Nigel's head was flung back on the seat and his body tensed with need, and Adam hadn't even done much yet. His "shy" words had made the older man's cock twitch and get wetter before his eyes.

He leaned down and lapped delicately at Nigel's cock, treating it with the same loving, slow, complete attention he always did at home. Adam was deliberately ignoring the fact of their public setting, as if it didn't matter, and Nigel moaned loudly, in result of this, and because Adam had learned to suck his cock very, very well. He started nice and slow, but several minutes later, he'd be eagerly swallowing Nigel down and loving it.

"Oh, fuck, Adam, so good…" Nigel's hand was heavy in Adam's curls, roving through and tugging in growing desperation. "So fucking good. You're so beautiful, baby – let me fuck you now. Show you how beautiful you are to me."

Adam eagerly swallowed the latest drops of bitter-salty precum on his tongue and then grabbed a bottle of lube from the glove compartment. It was still there from when they went shopping and got a few bottles on sale. Nigel had put one in the glove box while reasoning, "In case we ever get too horny to wait while we're out somewhere." They hadn't expected to need it so soon.

He didn't hold back one little bit of himself, stripping down completely so he was naked before Nigel, planning to ride him like that and blow his lover's mind even more.

"I can't believe you're doing this, darling." Nigel's eyes drank Adam's form in and he gasped. "Oh, *look* at you, you fucking minx, you're *stunning*. And...it turns you on that you're naked in public, about to take Daddy's cock deep as you can in that sweet little ass. Right?"

"That's right, Daddy," Adam smiled angelically, with his pale, smooth body on display for Nigel's enjoyment. He basked in that glow, then gave his own cock a few strokes just to slightly relieve how hard and needy he felt. Next, he slid a finger into his tight hole and started getting ready.

"Hey. I want to do that, beautiful, come here." Nigel brought Adam to straddle his lap and kissed him voraciously, messy, wet kisses and sharp, teasing bites.

The whole time, he was pressing his big fingers slowly into Adam, and eventually, while they went on making out like the only two people in the world, Nigel started pumping his fingers, targeting Adam's prostate with all the expertise of a truly devoted lover.

"Nigel! Oh, that feels amazing, oh, you make me feel so good I can barely breathe. I love your hands so much…" He kissed Nigel's neck sloppily, undone with passion, then kissed his lightly stubbled chin, his cheeks, his lips, starting to ride Nigel's fingers vigorously, chasing pleasure.

Nigel growled, pulling his fingers out only to replace them with his hot, throbbing erection, which slid in easily after all the prep and how recently they had sex, that morning, actually, just a few hours ago. Not recent enough to keep them satisfied, though. They had to have *more*, now.

Adam started finding a deliciously pleasurable depth and rhythm, lost in the naughty excitement of exhibitionism, in Nigel snarling out gritty swear words and grabbing his ass, opening him more, fucking up into him so hard they could hear the slapping together of their bodies, the noise resounding in the quiet car, along with their gasps and heated moans.

If anyone saw them at that moment, they would take in the scandalous sight of an entirely naked Adam, bouncing up and down on Nigel's big cock, with the older man's large, powerful hands groping his ass. Nigel was still almost completely dressed, except that Adam had yanked his tie a few times, not even meaning to, and it was crooked, loose. Otherwise, and aside from his cock being out, Nigel appeared to be in stark contrast to his lover's nakedness, while the dark shade of his suit made Adam's pale form stand out even more. He loved that thought. Another thrill of danger and pride in their display ran down his spine, increasing his already massive amount of pleasure.

Everything between them – their voices, their sweaty bodies moving together in slick, wanton glides, just kept getting louder. With another feral growl, Nigel put the passenger seat back as well, then sat Adam in it, carrying him over with the sweetest smile. A deceptive sweetness, since he then put Adam's legs over his shoulders and fucked him even harder. They both cried out in decadent, stolen ecstasy, and Nigel clearly felt that the awkward positioning in the cramped car was worth it. Adam had hardly heard him groaning and swearing quite this loud, and it excited him to know they shared this kink. He wondered where else they'd make love, now that they were both acknowledging –

"*Daddy,*" Adam whined with a pout because suddenly, Nigel was neither fucking him senseless, nor inside him.

"Backseat, sexy little brat, do as you're told." Nigel climbed in the back with Adam, where they had more room, even though that wasn't saying much.

Adam liked Nigel calling him a brat, maybe because it was extra naughty, or maybe because the older man said it with so much love, in that gravelly voice of his.

It also didn't matter to them that the backseat was just barely more accommodating than the front. Nigel took Adam doggy-style, bumping into the car's roof several times with a grunt of annoyance, but then getting back to business – gripping Adam's hips tightly, making sure he hit the spot over and over, until the younger man came with a broken whimper of his name, messing up the backseats. Nigel's huge grin said he'd deal with a cramped, difficult setting anytime just to make Adam feel that way.

Nigel loved fucking Adam right after he came; he was so unbelievably sensitive, and more love-making sent him into the stratosphere of over-sensitivity. This was how he got his boy to whimper and mewl in the prettiest, sluttiest way that drove him utterly mad.

"Made for each other, we are, Adam. We were born to love one another, I know it."

His hoarse words were cut off every few beats by the power of his pummeling thrusts and Adam's wide-eyed, high-pitched moaning. But his eyes were once again full of tears, mixing pleasure and emotion in a combination which once would have scared him away from losing his heart again.

All in now, he took Adam further, drawing out his pleasure out to the right frequency of sweet pain, knowing when to stop. Luckily, he came at the same time Adam was nearing his limit for how much fucking he could take. And his boy was perfectly happy to lay there rag-doll weak and let Daddy spill his cum inside him, praising his "sexy little body that's all *mine*, isn't it, *tell me*, it's mine, right, baby?" and thrusting wildly to ride out his own bliss. They lay there panting afterwards, in slight disbelief of their own mischief.

Nigel was still mostly dressed, though Adam had torn off a few shirt buttons, so his whole front was exposed beneath the ripped garment, and his pants had been ruthlessly kicked off when they were going at it in the front. His hair was messy, hanging in loose bangs around his face, and his golden skin shone with sweat. He smelled like sex, and Nigel, and Adam, and it was so wonderful, Adam kissed him again, keeping his Daddy's warm, bigger body on top of him a little longer.

He knew he could have anything he wanted from Daddy, and wasn't afraid to take advantage of that.

Nigel brushed his unruly curls back from his face and admired his blushing, sweaty face, enjoyed Adam's shaky laughs of pure joy and the way his soft, smaller body felt pinned by his own, always a temptation even seconds after coming, when he'd have to wait a while to do anything about it. He was always thinking about it, that was for sure.

Adam's eyes were especially vivid as twilight took over the clear sky above them, and Nigel traced his kiss-swollen lips slowly, both of them in something of a trance. But then, Nigel's smile grew even more, and he reached for the bag of his things from Romania that he'd gotten back from Darko after lunch. It was a small black duffel, not much in it, but some good shit he wanted to have. Most important, it had this one thing he needed most of all, right at this very moment. He thanked whatever crazy fucking angels were pulling for him up there and showed Adam the small, blue velvet jewelry box.

"This was my father's," he explained, blushing. He fidgeted with the box, hovering above the lovely boy who watched him curiously, patiently. "That useless fucker never did much for me, but today I'm grateful he bothered leaving me this. Because now, I want to give it to you. It's been in my family for generations…"

He carefully opened the small box, revealing to Adam's gasping, overwhelmed surprise a stunning, white gold and cut diamond, antique filigree wedding ring. "I want to use this as an engagement ring, baby, if you'll have it, and have me. Because I hassled Darko like crazy to get me this ring back, and even then, I didn't realize how desperate I'd be to see it on you."

"Oh, Nigel," Adam said, crying as he really started to believe his ears. "Do you mean it?"

"Of course I mean it, baby, never meant anything more in my whole life, I swear to you. I want to see this on that pretty hand and know, and let everyone know, you're mine forever. And a few months from now, I want to marry you, in whatever church doesn't burst into fucking flames the second I walk in…"

Adam was crying harder because he was also laughing. "We'll find one."

“Is that a yes?” Nigel asked, breathlessly hopeful. “Adam Raki, are you going to make me the happiest, luckiest man in the whole universe? All those dazzling, twinkling lights in the sky, and none of them compare to *my* star.”

“I’ll marry you, Nigel,” Adam vowed with a soft voice and softer eyes. He let Nigel slide the ring on his finger and they both stared at it. “I can’t believe you planned to meet with Darko mostly to get this. I never even suspected it.”

“I may not be able to trick you that easy again, baby,” Nigel joked, already obsessed with how his boy looked wearing the ring.

He held Adam’s hand and turned it from side to side, admiring the sight from various angles.

“Ha, no, you won’t. The probability just went down drastically because now I have a better idea of your scheming strategy.”

“My smart, perfect angel. Well, you see, the scheme paid off so well I don’t think I’ll need another. I have no reason to want to spring anything on you and maybe startle you, so this may have even been a one-off. It was the one time I felt I had to do at least a little surprise. It was okay?”

“It was beautiful. I feel safe with you, Nigel, and it didn’t startle me too much. More like the happiest surprise I ever had.”

“Look at you,” Nigel marveled, a low growl in his throat, as he started caressing Adam’s naked form again, “In only my ring. I could get used to seeing you like this, baby, and I think I plan to.”

“Mmm, if you think it’s a good idea, fiance,” Adam smiled into a warm, delighted kiss.

They might have started another round of sex, and Nigel thought he might even have got it up again that soon because of how Adam looked in this moment, supremely, mind-bogglingly hot and sexy and his own – except that they heard a siren and started freaking out.

Afraid they were about to get busted, Nigel started planning out escapes, excuses, more strategies. But Adam nodded back towards the road. “It was just a state trooper chasing down someone who broke the speed limit, I think.”

They watched as the trooper’s car flashed by, along with the siren and lights that had petrified them so completely. “That was fucking *close*.” Nigel put a hand on his heart.

“A little too close,” Adam agreed, and they put their clothes back together, sort of, not too concerned.

He settled in the passenger seat and Nigel got his seat adjusted properly, then fixed the mirrors, wiping off the steamy fog they’d generated.

Adam said brightly, “That’s what made it so much fun.”

“You’re right,” Nigel said, “I never had that much fun being bad, baby, and I’ve been *bad* in my time.”

“I think you should take me home and show me more of your ‘bad’ side, well…if you want,” Adam suggested shyly, getting overwhelmed by the new feeling of the beautiful ring on his finger, cool and with a tiny weight to it.

He felt like he belonged to Nigel now officially, as he already had in his heart and soul.

“You think I ought to take my drop-dead gorgeous future husband, who still has love bite bruises on his pretty neck and sex hair fucking up his stunning curls, home to bed and have my *very* wicked way with him until we both collapse of exhaustion? Hmmm…” Nigel smirked, liking that Adam blushed more deeply now, especially at ‘future husband.’

“It seems like the husbandly thing to do,” Adam reasoned.

“You don’t ever have to ask me twice, gorgeous.” Nigel got back on the road smoothly, a devilish look on his elated face. “After all, a man has to take care of his good and very naughty little fiance properly, doesn’t he? And now, you’re mine, for real.”

“To have and to hold,” Adam sighed happily. He rested for the remainder of the drive, safe in Nigel’s hands, as he always would be.

End Notes

Spacedogs playlist: https://open.spotify.com/playlist/219EKNhZnpTmaLr0F39DJM?si=a4628e0160404df5

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